The Unhappy Lady of *Hackney.*

To an Excellent New Tune.

YOU youthful charming Ladies fair,
I pray now give Attention
Unto this dismal Tragedy,
Of which I now shall mention.
At Hackney liv'd a Gentleman,
Who had three comely Daughters,
And one was marry'd to a Squire,
Which caus'd this sad Disaster.

The younger Sister being fair,
And of a comely Feature,
Her Sister's Husband Night and Day
Did tempt this lovely Creature,
Telling of her it was no Sin
For him for to Imbrace her:
Besides he'd have a special Care,
It never should disgrace her.

This Innocent unto his Bow,
Indeed he quickly brought her;
Then took her from her Parents House.
With many Tears he sought her:
Crying, Alas! where is the gone
My youthful Child so tender,
Thus [illegible] Night and Day
Her Parents do lament her.

In all the News both far and near
Her Father Advertis'd her;
Yet he no Tidings of her heard,
So secret did he hide her.
At length she big with Child did grow
While this her am'rous Lover
Did oft frequent her Company.
None knew it was her Brother.

At length in Travail strong she fell:
So great it was her Sorrow,
That she could not deliver'd be,
So sending for her Brother
With wringing hands, and weeping eyes,
In dreadful Lamentation:
Oh! worst of Men! she then did say,
You've wrought my Dissolution.

Your Wife, my tender Sister dear,
Does little know my Sorrow;
My troubled Soul will take it's flight
From hence before To-morrow,
O Sister dear! forgive the Crime,
And Heaven shew some Pity:
For heinous was this fault of mine,
You Wretch that did deceive me.

Before my Soul forsakes this world,
And Death's cold Arms enfold me,
I'll write unto my Parents dear,
Who will never more behold me.
And you, vile Traitor, whilst you live,
Seek no more Virgins Ruin.
Repent, repent, I say, in Time,
For Vengeance is persuing.

See how the Pains in ev'ry Part
Do rend my heart asunder.
Oh, Death! come send thy piercing dart,
I can't endure it longer.
Seize ye the Infant's Life also,
Whose Name would be Infamous;
Because it's Parents did unkind,
By acting Things incestuous.

She being deliver'd of he Child,
Her life did soon expire;
Likewise her tender Infant dear,
Which thing she did Desire.
In Coveut-Garden Church indeed
In private she was bury'd.
But heav'n did bring this thing to light,
The Lines she wrote were Carry'd.

Unto her Tender Parents dear
These words were then expressed:
My loviug Friends, all pity me,
Whose Case is most distressed.
With floods of Tears the same I
It was my cruel Brother,
My loving Sister's Husband sure,
Whose Faults I will not cover.

He overcame me once with Wine,
And used me at his Pleasure;
Then took me from my Parents dear,
In sorrow out of measure,
I lay surrounded Night and Day,
With Child then by my Brother,
Which struggled strong within my Womb,
And I th' unhappy Mother.

At lenth in Travail strong did fall,
While many did lament me:
It was the Cry of one and all,
Teat there was none to help me,
An I my precious Life must lose,
So, before my Life departed,
I wrote these lines to let you know
The Traitor prov'd false-hearted.

When her dear Parents read the same,
It scar' their souls with Terror:
Her father cry'd, my Daughter dear,
Would I had known thy Sorrow!
Her Corps they quickly had took up,
With Surgeons for to View her;
For Fear that she should Murder'd be,
By him toat did Undo *Her.*

Her eldest *Brother, a hopeful Youth,*
Grief burst his Heart asunder;
And he this life did soon depart,
Her Sister Raves like Thunder,
To think her Husband was so base,
To prove her Sister's Ruin,
Her Parents said, alas! my Child
Your Death is our Undoing.

Printed and Sold by *L. How*, in *Love Court*, in *Petty-Coat-Lane*, *LONDON.*